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REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Critical Description and Analytical Review of "Death on the Pale Horse," painted by Benjamin West, P. R. A. with desultory references to some ancient Masters and living British Artists. Respectfully addressed to the Most Noble the Marquis of Stafford. By William Carey. 12mo. pp. 172. London. 1818.

THE perusal of these admirable criticisms and desultory remarks has given us great pleasure, and the liberal spirit which pervades them, has imparted to us that congeniality of feeling, which should be found in a criticism of this analytical review.

In an age of critics, when "would be wits and can't be gentlemen,"* with heads not clever enough to disguise the deformities of their hearts, who, in political strictures, continually tell the people of their rights, but forget, or are unable to remember, that they are the people, when critics in poetry pretend to be poets, and foist their follies (*foliage*) on the world, to justify their pretences, and discover, what nobody else can, that they are second to their "dear Byron" only, in public estimation; who, not feeling what are the essentials of poetry, mistake the means for the end, and thinking syllabic scanning a bore, discover or defend a new mode by emphasis; writers on painting, when, not having talent enough to live by it as a profession, set up for critics, and dare endeavour to destroy that reputation which they cannot rival, or fancy, that by fulsome flattery, they can bestow fame on others, though they could not obtain it for themselves, these, to our honour, are fast sinking before a brighter day of common sense and better feeling, into an obscurity, where only their feeble torches and murky light can be thought to glare; where the

pretensions of this triumvirate, as hollow as heartless, have fallen into such contempt, that few, but the vagabonds who followed Mr. Hunt to the hustings of Westminster, to attack all talent and public virtue, promote their interests by purchasing their trash.

We hail the evidence of good sense and fine feeling in the work before us. Its beauties are seen in the admirable critical details, and right estimation of the *means* of art, which are here valued only as they are employed to an *end* which, commands our sympathies by sublime or beautiful excitations.

There is, perhaps, a redundancy of text and technicality for the general reader, though this proves, from his knowledge of the means of art, his fitness for a right estimation of their employment, and there is rather too warm a kindness for what we think are faults in Mr. West's picture. Mr. Carey considers it as it is; we cannot forget the sketch for it, and think Mr. West's picture on horse-back, a mere representation of the identity of his picture, and instead of the fine effect this important subject should have created, we fall before it, (unless we hide the Christ,) as we should, on hearing two bands play the same air in different keys at the same time; there is, to us, an incongruity in this arrangement of Mr. West's, more offensive to the feelings than that which is excited by some old pictures, where the same persons are seen differently employed in different parts of the picture.

The subject is now rather the Breaking of the Fifth Seal, than "Death on the Pale Horse;" and Mr. Carey estimates (which is perhaps the fairest way, in spite of our recollections,) not what Mr. West intended to do, but what he has done. He expresses his dislike of such parts of the picture as offend his taste or judgment as a gentleman should do; and, used as we are to dogmatism and infallibility, in other criticisms, to wit, at the expense of feeling, and abuse of respectability, this may appear to want that flourishing and authoritative tone which habit has almost made us believe to be necessary in critical reviews. But Mr. Carey's

heart does honour to his head; his judgment and sincerity occasionally demand his disapprobation; but respect for Mr. West's talents, age, and high reputation, a sense of public gratitude and private esteem, and a higher one still of self-respect, have induced Mr. C. to employ his pen in criticising Mr. West's picture, without wounding his feelings as a man.

Mr. Carey is an energetic writer, from a powerful mind and enthusiastic feelings, and he revels in an opportunity of doing justice to native talent, and combating anti-contemporarianism—a disposition which, sustained by judgment, has induced him to write strong passages of praise and admiration on parts of the picture. We know, that to value the beauties of a work of art is infinitely more difficult than to discover defects. A weak head and bad heart seek credit by chattering on little errors, which even the most perfect knowledge of the principles and difficulties of art is necessary, with not only a head to comprehend the means, but a heart to sympathize with the end.

Mr. Carey's warm approbation of "Death on the Pale Horse" has led to an assertion, in the *Annals of Art*, (a work too contemptible, in its criticisms to injure by its abuse,) that this review was written in concert with Mr. West, or under his direction; and this assertion is made in violation of that respect which is due to an honourable man's word. And how honourable a writer he is, let his letters be an evidence, in various papers, for many years past, acknowledged in a note in this work, page 168, under the signatures of Mariette, Algarotti, Evelyn, junior, and W.C. These uniformly tend to promote the interests of public art, without having descended, in a single instance, to personality. Mr. C. expressly declares in page v. of his dedication—

"In writing a critical description of a modern work of art, there are but two modes of proceeding: the one that of consulting the artist, and taking his interpretation of his own performance: the other, of going in to the picture as one of the public, and interpreting it by its palpable qualities

* What says Mr. Leigh Hunt to his "Dear Byron's" 75th and 76th stanzas of *Beppo*, where he so pleasantly acknowledges how dear Mr. Leigh Hunt is to him.

† The egotistical history of his mother's flannel petticoat, he will consider an exception.

and import, as if the artist had been dead for centuries, and that his works were left to express their own meaning by the dumb language of action, expression, and circumstances. The first of these modes must neutralize its own purpose. Few would pay attention to a critical publication supposed to state the partial sense and opinions of the artist, whose work it professed to review, and not those of the ostensible writer. To a plan of this kind I have an insurmountable objection in the unsuitness of the means to the end, and, I am convinced, that the Venerable President would be equally disinclined to lend it his co-operation. Those who have ever discoursed with me, will readily anticipate, that it was the *second mode* I adopted; and your Lordship may confidently believe me, when, in duty to the public, I give you that assurance.

"The grandeur and sublimity of the design were my sole motive for the undertaking. I have conversed with the painter on the general topic of the arts; but we have been, as if by the tacit compact of an *honourable jealousy*, silent on the subject of his picture. I have rejected all rumour and communication with others on its merits or demerits; have decided by the very best evidence, that of the composition before me; have trusted to my own eyes, and the impression upon my own senses; delivered my opinions in my own thoughts, my own language; *read no part to others until after it was printed and secured from influence or alteration*; and conscientiously endeavoured to discharge the arduous task, which I had undertaken. I am anxious, that whatever erroneous opinions may be found in those pages, shall not be wrongfully attributed to others—that responsibility is wholly mine; and should your Lordship and the public discover any portion of correct reasoning therein, I may be allowed, without incurring a charge of presumption, to claim it as my own.

"I trust, my Lord, that these particulars will not be deemed unimportant. Not only the judgment of a writer, who offers a public opinion upon works of art, but his *motives*, become objects of fair public scrutiny. Even if he possesses taste and science, these, without independence and impartiality, may still be productive of more evil than good. The prejudices against native genius, the blind aversion of *anti-contemporarianism*, are too strong to be ever removed, without the generous co-operation of the press, which has had so powerful an effect in advancing all the other interests of society. But it is necessary, that the inducements of a person who attempts to promote that end, should stand clear and open to the view of his readers; for whatever is supposed to have been written under any undue bias, must not only disgrace the author, but cast an imputation upon every artist, whose works are the subject of his commendation.

On public grounds, therefore, as well as in justice to the artists whose performances are adverted to in this essay, I have deemed it right to be explicit. The field of the Fine Arts is a field of fame, in which the

missiles of jealous hostility are continually aimed at the most eminent: and he who does justice to distinguished merit with his pen, only places himself near an envied object of attack; to become, at once, a mark for the arrows of the assailants, without any chance of being admitted as a sharer in the glory of the victory. I well know, by long experience, that whoever enters this ground of contention, must carry within his own head, the materials for the campaign, and in his own heart, the reward of his combats.

But the work which has recorded its own infamy by falsehood, though extremely limited in sale, is as notorious as a man who has committed a bad action, however insignificant he might have been before; the *Annals of Art* is in truth the annals of the idleness of one man, and the reporter of what his pupils intend to do; an exclusive claim to public notice for him is strained at, not by self-sustained reputation, but by employing the press to drag every one, even our venerable President of the Royal Academy, below the individual to whom the work is devoted; an individual who must have a much weaker head and stronger stomach than David Garrick, to read it, and not to protest publicly against being sickened and suffocated by such ill-timed praise.

We are anxious to return to the Review, and quote the work to justify the high opinion we entertain of it; but it may not be misplaced to select here a passage from one of his papers, signed W. C. in an early Number of the *Literary Gazette*, to show what mischief may be done by ignorant or prejudiced reporters, to an artist who brings before the public his work, perhaps the labour of a year or two, in retirement, exertion, and difficulty. He is immediately beset by—

"cold-hearted Vanity, Ignorance, and Envy. He is not permitted to reap the deserved share of reputation which the judgment of the public, if left to their own impartial sense, would bestow upon his performance. The most formidable of his difficulties presents itself in the periodical critics. All those who have failed in every other department of art or science, seek to find refuge in this most hopeful employment. Every Lackbrain from nature, and Crackbrain from conceit—all who have sunk in the world's opinion, and incurred contempt, by their own productions, seek to rise into some eminence upon the ruined reputation of others. Men of most opposite characters and pursuits agree in the work of censure. The young painter's performance is abused by the poetaster who was to have rivalled *Homer, Anacreon, or Horace*; and by the bad painter who was to have been a second *Michael Angelo* or *Raphael*. Their example is followed by the lawyer, who, in the litigious insanity of

the times, cannot find any one mad enough to rejoice him with a bribe; and the doctor, who, in a sickly season, has the misfortune to have a healthy appetite, and not a patient so bereft of hope as to trust his life in his hands. The pedant who was designed for the pulpit, but who has chosen the town for his field, and the *Belles Lettres* for the display of his brilliant wit and fancy, eagerly joins in the task of condemnation. All commence critics upon the Fine Arts, and give vent to their folly and malignity in private circles, or public journals. Every pretender to genius, who has been repulsed in his attempts to enter the Temple of Fame, besets its portals, to oppose the entrance of deserving candidates; to strike at, crush, and vilify, them and their performances. Where the genius of the artist is no longer to be denied, the character of the man is attacked; his foibles and faults are magnified; his motives and actions misrepresented. The dull mechanical coxcomb, who has proved the impotence of his own pencil or pen, has still a malignant potency as a reviewer of the works of others. From a consciousness that the age has passed sentence against them, these literary pests seek to bring every man of high aims and prowess down to their own level. They would revenge themselves upon their own time, by invidiously extolling the ancients and decrying all contemporary genius. One fact may be repeated, and cannot be too often impressed upon the public. Whenever they meet a periodical critic, who uses his pen like a scalping knife or a hatchet, and strikes with the greedy dispatch of an executioner; one who exults over failure, and asperses merit with an expression of more than common satisfaction; on inquiry they will, probably, discover him to be some *broken-down artist of more than ordinary dullness and incapacity*. A man of good sense and principle, who is not an artist, will always write and speak modestly, when touching the professional reputation of artists: and it may be fairly affirmed that a tasteless painter, whose want of judgment and genius prevented him from learning his art, ought to be very diffident in giving his public judgment against the works of others. These formidable connoisseurs and critics affect a prudish severity of taste, from their being also of opinion, that there is but one part of the judge's function which can do credit to their discernment, and that is, to pass sentence of condemnation boldly. They mistake words for things, things for principles, barren theories for practical powers, and are the enemies of all that is noble and exalted in composition. Incapable of comprehending the whole of an august edifice, they carry a rule and compass, to form their judgment of the architect's genius by a measurement of every brick or stone within their reach. Wherever merit is, there also are they to be found in the work of degradation. Cold, slow, and creeping from picture to picture, in exhibitions, galleries, and cabinets, these *anti-contemporarians* may be compared to snails, which leave their slime on whatever they pass over. Yet in England, where established preju-

dices and habits have turned the public attention almost wholly from the interests of historical painting, these, with some exceptions, are the class of critics, who take up the pen to write and publish strictures upon the works of the British school, and to condemn the few historical pictures which are produced by our young artists. For the good of society, we would break to pieces those vessels of coarse and unbaked clay, through which the wine of the arts and sciences has leaked, and left nothing but the sour and muddy lees behind. They have too long occupied the place of purer fountains, and, until they are overturned, we can have small expectation of improvement in the arts. Youth must still toil after excellence in vain; hope terminate in disappointment; and genius droop, in obscurity, without reward."

The Reviewer makes each figure and group in the picture, an object of critical enquiry, with occasional scriptural references; he then considers the means employed, composition, colouring, &c. and closes his remarks on it by a "review of the entire."

He observes, page 6th:—

"It would not be an easy task to select from the whole range of sacred and profane history, a single subject combining so many deep and awful interests; or exciting so many domestic passions and sympathies. Even the last judgment, by being placed beyond the pale of mortality, is withdrawn, in some degree, from its full operation on the household charities and passions, which alternately soothe and agitate the heart of man in his mortal state."

Again, page 7th:

"In the subject of this picture, there is a powerful union of supernatural and human agency. At the same time, that the springs of terror and horror are moved by an awful display of Divine retribution and evil domination, the gentler emotions of pity and sorrow are abundantly excited by a mass of mortal sufferings, figuratively extending over a fourth part of the earth. These calamities not only involve youth, and beauty, and innocence,* but they exhibit an heart-rending dissolution of kindred affections and social combinations. The composition is thus, at once, a fit vehicle for the terrible, sublime, and pathetic. If some of its actors and incidents

* "If the Sceptic ask *Why* is this? the reply is by question. *Why* is the utmost extent of human knowledge, but a confirmation of human ignorance? *Why* dares the created question his CREATOR? *Why* does that which is finite, blind, feeble, and transitory, attempt to scan the wisdom of that which is Infinite, All-seeing, Omnipotent, and Eternal? Know, unthinking Man:—

'All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.'

press upon the mind with an appalling weight, a still greater number move within the circle of consanguinity; they appeal to our daily feelings, and are domesticated, by proximity, in every breast."

Mr. Carey considers the picture as possessing a *two-fold* character:—

"As a representation of created and imaginary being, its character is palpable; and, as a prophetic illustration, religious and emblematical. By the former it touches the feelings and temporal interests of humanity; by the latter it unites with a power over our feelings and temporal interests, a power over all our hopes and fears of eternal happiness or misery. Thus it combines interests, which no other subject but those of a similar class from *Holy Writ*, can possess."

It has been observed, and with truth, that Mr. West's sketches convey a more impressive idea of the powers of his mind, than his finished works. This is easily accounted for; his sketches are in fact the evidence of his invention, his finished pictures of his dexterity; and as Mr. West's drawing is *mannered*, and his expression often (if not inappropriate) wants the energy of truth, his pictures dissatisfy us. While his sketches leave the drawing and expression, the body and the soul of art, to our own imaginations, we supply what he has not yet realized, and look with astonishment at the whole in the mind's eye, which our own ideas enable us to complete.

(To be continued.)

An Inquiry, whether Crime and Misery are produced or prevented by our present system of Prison Discipline.
By Thomas Fowell Buxton. 8vo. p. 141. London. 1818.

THOUGH we certainly were not prepared to say, in the language of a Member of the House of Commons, that, "Our prisoners *had* all that prisoners ought to have:—without gentlemen thought that they ought to be indulged with Turkey carpets," yet, prior to reading this very interesting memoir, we could scarcely have pictured to ourselves any thing so completely wretched as the situation of a very large portion of the inmates of our prisons. And though we are very far from being sanguine enough to suppose, that those gigantic evils, drunkenness, want of proper employment, and a regular classification; can very speedily be overcome; we are yet persuaded, that by the benevolent labours of such men as Howard, Bennet, and Buxton, and our still more active countrywoman, Mrs. Fry, great improvements may yet take place.

The Borough Compter was visited

by Mr. B., in conjunction with S. Hoare, Esq., with whose observations Mr. B.'s account, exactly concurs*. We would recommend our civic *gourmands* to read this description of the miseries endured by so great a number of their fellow creatures, placed under their *fatherly* care and superintendence; and then let them "set down to *their* dinner, with what appetite *they* may."

"On my first visit, the debtors were all collected together up stairs. This was their day-room, bed-room, workshop, kitchen, and chapel. On my second visit, they spent the day and the night in the room below; at the third, both the room above and that below were filled. The length of each of these rooms, exclusive of a recess, in which were tables and the fire-place, is twenty feet. Its breadth is three feet six inches for a passage, and six feet for the bed. In this space, twenty feet long, and six wide, on eight straw beds, with sixteen rugs, and a piece of timber for a bolster, twenty prisoners had slept side by side the preceding night: I maintained that it was physically impossible; but the prisoners explained away the difficulty by saying, 'they slept edgeways.' Amongst these twenty, was one in a very deplorable condition; he had been taken from a sick bed, and brought there; he had his mattress to himself, for none would share it; and indeed my senses convinced me that sleeping near him must be sufficiently offensive."

The effect wrought by the advice and admonitions of the ladies' committee, in reforming the inmates of our great city prison is most strongly shown by the following slight occurrence.†

"It was a practice of immemorial usage for convicts, on the night preceding their departure for Botany Bay, to pull down and to break every thing breakable within their part of the prison, and to go off shouting with the most hardened effrontery. When the period approached for a late clearance, every one connected with the prison dreaded this night of disturbance and devastation. To the surprise of the oldest turnkey, no noise was heard, not a

* On this, as well as on every other occasion of the like kind, Mr. B. read his manuscript account to the Governor, who invariably confirmed it in every particular.

† Newgate was first visited by Mrs. Fry, in 1814; at which time, the female prisoners were in the most abject state of misery; nearly three hundred women, besides children, were crowded together in the two wards, and two small cells; and they had no other place for cooking, washing, eating, and sleeping. Spirits were openly drank, every thing was filthy to excess, and the smell was quite disgusting; even the Governor was reluctant to go among them; and Mr. B. cites an instance, in which two women were seen in the act of "stripping a dead child, for the purpose of clothing a living one."

window was intentionally broken. They took an affectionate leave of their companions, and expressed the utmost gratitude to their benefactors: the next day they entered their conveyances, without any tumult, and their departure, in the tears that were shed, and the mournful decorum that was observed, resembled a funeral procession, and so orderly was their behaviour, that it was deemed unnecessary to send more than half the usual escort."

In Tothill-fields prison, the want of a regular classification is equally felt with that of Newgate, though with this addition; that the prisoners not only lose what little share of morals they may have possessed at the time of their admission—but, owing to the dampness of the cells (many of the wards being below high water mark) and other *precautions against health*, at least six in each hundred are annually inflicted with a most painful disease.

"We saw a woman lying in one of the wards, who seemed very ill. The apothecary happened to come in at this moment; upon examining her, he said to the keeper, 'she is ill just like the rest.' We asked, What is her complaint?—Acute rheumatism. What is the cause?—The dampness? Is it a common complaint here?—Yes. Elsewhere?—No. Out of every hundred, how many here, upon an average, are seized with acute rheumatism?—About ten. Are you surprised at the largeness of the proportion?—Not at all; I often wonder it is not larger. How many pass through this prison in a year?—About two thousand. Is it possible, that a complaint not easily removed by all the remedies which opulence can procure, and very painful in its attacks, is thus annually inflicted (to take the lowest computation), on upwards of one hundred persons. In the infirmary, I saw a veteran sailor, who had landed troops at the battle of Bunker's Hill, and had fought with Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar; he had, he said, never had an hour's illness till he came here."*

The evidence of the jailer of the Abbey, at St. Albans, goes far to corroborate the statements already adduced. On being questioned, whether he had ever known persons, who, arriving comparatively innocent, had gone out quite depraved? He answered, "I have not known persons come here innocent, because they have been sent here for some offence; but I have known several sent here for first offences, whose minds were not wicked, though they had been guilty of the one

offence. I have known a great many, (I can't mention the number) who, coming in thus, have gone out quite depraved; but I never knew one who, coming in wicked, went out better."—On being further asked, "by what means he would endeavour to improve them?" He said, "I certainly would—

"1. Separate the tried from the untried.

"2. Boys from men; those for great crimes, and those for lesser offences: in short, I would separate them as much as possible, for the more there are, the worse they are.

"3. I would employ them all; for when they are employed, they are not plotting mischief, nor telling stories, nor quarrelling, nor fighting."

He added—"Solitary confinement always produces the effect I want."

At Guildford, we have the following fact:—

"Many years ago, a lad of the name of John Haines was sent from the country, charged with an assault in prison: he formed a connection with a female, with whom he afterwards lived; he became one of the most noted highwaymen that ever infested the neighbourhood of London, and was executed."

Having thus shown that crime and misery, are the natural and necessary consequences of our present system of prison discipline, Mr. B. proceeds to prove, that instead of health being impaired, it may be improved; that instead of morals being corrupted, they may be reformed; and that these objects, so desirable to the state, may be accomplished by methods humane to the criminal, and by a system of classification, industry, and religious instruction.

We shall conclude these remarks by one extract illustrative of the complete success of the system recommended by Mr. B.; and which appears to be the only instance, in England, where it has been fully carried into effect.*

"*Bury jail* is the best constructed of any that I have seen in England; the regulations by which it is governed are exceedingly wise and humane; and it possesses the grand requisite of a governor, who discharges his duty with equal zeal and fidelity.

"The nature of the building will be easily understood. An external wall surrounds the whole: the governor's house is in the centre; from its windows every yard is visible, and it is hardly possible that any breach of the rules can be practised without being observed, either by himself or

some one of his family. He told me that the experience of twenty years, as a jailer, had taught him, that the main points for prison discipline, for the security, morals, and health of the prisoners, are:—

"Classification — Employment — and Cleanliness.

"Classification is carried to almost its greatest limit.

"When an untried prisoner comes in, it is at his option whether he will work: if he is inclined, any work to which he has been accustomed is provided, if possible; and, to encourage his labour, the whole amount of his earnings is given to him.

"The work consists in making clothes, shoes, list-shoes, straw-hats, &c.; and grinding at a mill, of a peculiar construction, somewhat similar to a turn-spit. They walk in rows, and the machine is turned rather by their weight than their exertions. The advantage is, that no man can avoid his share of labour.

"The beds are of iron; a straw palliasse, two blankets, and a rug. The food is, for untried, one pound and a half of bread per day, and one pound of cheese per week; with an addition of one pound of meat per week for convicts, whose work at the mill is hard, and, therefore, requires further nourishment.

"There is an infirmary in every ward, and bibles and prayer-books. The governor seldom goes round without being solicited for permission to learn to read and write.

"He (the governor) thinks that no general rules, relative to solitary confinement, ought to be made, because of its different effect on different people. Some years ago he had two men (as he thinks), from the same farm yard, condemned to solitary confinement; one, a stupid, sluggish fellow, slept away his time; the other, an active, energetic man, was almost driven out of his senses, so much so, as to render it necessary to relax his punishment.

"As for their conduct after they leave prison, he has repeatedly had persons who had been confined, call upon him to thank him for the lessons they had learnt in prison: he knows many, who were dissolute characters before, who, immediately on leaving prison, have gone to honest labour, and are now industrious and respectable men."

Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth. By Lucy Aikin. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1011. 1818.

(Continued from our last, p. 311.)

The signal victory obtained over the *invincible armada*, forms too splendid a chapter in the naval glory of England to need repetition; never in the records of history was the event of war on one side more entirely satisfactory and glorious; on the other, more deeply humiliating and utterly disgraceful: like the battle of Waterloo, it was a war between two great powers, in which the

* The great improvement made in regard to health, by a change of system in the prison of Philadelphia, (formerly one of the worst in America), is strikingly illustrated by the following fact:—"The physicians bill, which formerly amounted from two to three hundred and twenty dollars, per quarter, at present idem rises above forty."—*Duke de Lioncourt.*

* We omit the description of the Penitentiary-house, Milbank, as Mr. B. in a note appended to the work, very candidly acknowledged, that considerable inaccuracies have crept into his description of that place.

most extensive preparations were made, terminated by a single battle.

The intense interest excited by these events gave rise to the introduction in this country of one of the most important inventions of social life—that of newspapers; the *English Mercury*, a paper resembling the present London Gazette, having appeared some time in the month of April, 1588: the earliest specimen of the work now extant is No. 50, dated July 23d of the same year, and is preserved in the British Museum.

Amidst the rejoicings which this signal overthrow of the Spaniards occasioned, the Earl of Leicester, whom the Queen had appointed to the command of the army at Tilbury, died, without regret to the nation at large, whatever effect it might have on Elizabeth herself.

This distinguished favourite of Elizabeth was the grandson of the detested associate of Empson, and son of Sir John Dudley, who afterwards became Duke of Northumberland, and at length received that recompense which his crimes had so long and justly merited, having suffered for the attempt to set up Lady Jane Grey on the throne. Robert Dudley, afterwards Earl of Leicester, was born on the same day, and in the same hour as Queen Elizabeth, and during the imprisonment of the Princess in the Tower, Dudley, and nearly the whole of his family were confined there also; it is not improbable that this singular coincidence in the time of their birth, "seizing on the romantic imagination of the Princess, might produce a first impression, which Leicester's personal advantage, his insinuating manners, and consummate art of feigning, all contributed to render deep and permanent." On the Queen's ascension to the throne, Dudley was appointed Master of the Horse, created a Knight of the Garter, and afterwards proposed by Elizabeth as a husband to the Queen of Scots, who refused him. The ambition of Leicester was too great for Elizabeth to tolerate, notwithstanding the high favour in which he was held, and she frequently took means to humble him, of which the following is an interesting anecdote, and fully illustrates the character of Elizabeth:—

"A circumstance is related which we may conjecture to have occurred about this time, and which sets in a strong light this part of the character of Elizabeth. Bowyer, a gentleman of the Black Rod, being charged by her express command to look precisely into all admissions into the privy-chamber, one day stayed a very gay captain, and a follower of my lord of Lei-

cester's, from entrance; for that he was neither well known, nor a sworn servant to the Queen: at which repulse, the gentleman, bearing high on my lord's favour, told him, he might perchance procure him a discharge. Leicester coming into the contestation, said publicly, (which was none of his wont) that he was a knave, and should not continue long in his office; and so turning about to go into the Queen, Bowyer, who was a bold gentleman and well beloved, stepped before him and fell at her Majesty's feet, related the story, and humbly craves her Grace's pleasure; and whether my lord of Leicester was king, or her Majesty queen? Whereunto she replied with her wonted oath, 'God's death, my Lord, I have wished you well; but my favour is not so locked up for you, that others shall not partake thereof; for I have many servants, to whom I have, and will at my pleasure, bequeath my favour, and likewise resume the same: and if you think to rule here, I will take a course to see you forthcoming. I will have here but one mistress, and no master; and look that no ill happen to him, lest it be required at your hands.' Which words so quelled my lord of Leicester, that his feigned humility was long after one of his best virtues*."

Neither the intrigues of Leicester with Lady Sheffield, nor the strong suspicions that were entertained of his having poisoned his own wife, and afterward Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, rendered him long out of favour with the Queen, but, "so close were the contrivances, so deep, as it appears, the villainies of this celebrated favorite!" "his consummate art was successful, in throwing over these, and other transactions of life, a veil of doubt and mystery, which time itself has proved unable entirely to remove." For nineteen days did the Earl of Leicester sustain the overwhelming honour of a royal visit, which the Queen paid him at Kennelworth, in 1575, of which the description is curious:—

"A temporary bridge, 70 feet in length, was thrown across a valley to the great gate of the castle, and its posts were hung with the offerings of seven of the Grecian deities to her majesty; displaying in grotesque assemblage, cages of very large birds, fruits, corn, fishes, grapes, and wine in silver vessels, musical instruments of many kinds, and weapons and armour hung trophy-wise on two ragged staves. A poet standing at the end of the bridge explained in Latin verse the meaning of all. The Lady of the Lake, invisible since the disappearance of the renowned Arthur, approached on a floating island along the moat to recite adulatory verses. Arion, being summoned for the like purpose, appeared on a dolphin four-and-twenty-feet long, which carried in its belly a whole orchestra. A Sibyl, a "Salvage

man," and an echo posted in the park, all harangued in the same strain. Music and dancing enlivened the Sunday evening. Splendid fireworks were displayed both on land and water;—a play was performed;—an Italian tumbler exhibited his feats;—thirteen bears were baited;—there were three stag-hunts, and a representation of a country bridal, followed by running at the quintin; finally, the men of Coventry exhibited, by express permission, their annual mock fight in commemoration of a signal defeat of the Danes."

The marriage of Leicester with the Countess of Essex, had the effect of disgracing him for some time, and he was committed to the Tower, but soon afterwards released and admitted into the royal presence, and new honours heaped upon him. Of Leicester and the Queen's attachment to him, Miss Aikin thus speaks:—

"His conduct during the younger part of life was scandalously licentious: latterly he became, says Camden, uxorious to excess. In the early days of his favour with the queen, her profuse donations had gratified his cupidity and displayed the fondness of her attachment; but at a later period the stream of her bounty ran low; and following the natural bent of her disposition, or complying with the necessity of her affairs, she compelled him to mortgage to her his barony of Denbigh, for the expenses of his last expedition to Holland. Immediately after his death she also caused his effects to be sold by auction, for the satisfaction of certain demands of her treasury. From these circumstances it may probably be inferred, that the influence which Leicester still retained over her was secured rather by the chain of habit than the tie of affection; and after the first shock of final separation from him whom she had so long loved and trusted, it is not improbable that she might contemplate the event with a feeling somewhat akin to that of deliverance from a yoke under which her haughty spirit had repined without the courage to resist.

Another distinguished, but less fortunate favourite of Elizabeth, was the Earl of Essex. This "gallant youth, who had fleshed his maiden sword, and gained his spurs in the affair of Zutphen," was appointed to the post of General of the Horse in the main army, in 1588; he was soon second to none in the good graces of her Majesty, and was rapidly promoted to offices of the highest confidence, but his ambition and arrogant presumption proved fatal to him; of the latter the following is a striking anecdote:—

"Confident in the affections of Elizabeth, he suffered himself to forget that she was still his queen and still a Tudor; he often neglected the attentions which would have gratified her; on any occasional cause of ill humour he would drop

* Naunton's "Fragmenta Regalia."

slighting expressions respecting her age and person, which, if they reached her ear, could never be forgiven; on one memorable instance, he treated her with indignity openly and in her presence. A dispute had arisen between them in presence of the admiral, the secretary, and the clerk of the signet, respecting the choice of a commander for Ireland; the queen resolving to send Sir William Knolles, the uncle of Essex, while he vehemently supported Sir George Carew, because this person, who was haughty and boastful, had given him some offence, and he wanted to remove him out of his way. Unable either by argument or persuasion to prevail over the resolute will of her majesty, the favourite at last forgot himself so far as to turn his back upon her with a laugh of contempt; an outrage which she revenged after her own manner, by boxing his ears and bidding him "Go and be hanged." This retort so inflamed the blood of Essex that he clapped his hand on his sword, and while the lord admiral hastened to throw himself between them, he swore that not from Henry VIII. himself would he have endured such an indignity, and foaming with rage he rushed out of the palace. His sincere friend the lord keeper immediately addressed to him a prudential letter, urging him to lose no time in seeking with humble submissions the forgiveness of his offended mistress: but Essex replied to these well intended admonitions by a letter which, amid all the choler that it betrays, must still be applauded both for its eloquence and for a manliness of sentiment of which few other public characters of the age appear to have been capable. The lord keeper in his letter had strongly urged the religious duty of absolute submission on the part of a subject to every thing that a sovereign, justly or unjustly, should be pleased to lay upon him; to which the earl thus replies: "But, say you, I must yield and submit. I can neither yield myself to be guilty, or this imputation laid upon me to be just. I owe so much to the author of all truth, as I can never yield falsehood to be truth, or truth to be falsehood. Have I given cause, ask you, and take scandal when I have done? No; I gave no cause to take so much as Fimbria's complaint against me, for I did *tortum telum corpore recipere*. I patiently bear all, and sensibly feel all, that I then received, when this scandal was given me. Nay more, when the vilest of all indignities are done unto me, doth religion enforce me to sue? Or doth God require it? Is it impiety not to do it? What, cannot princes err? Cannot subjects receive wrong? Is an earthly power or authority infinite? Pardon me, pardon me, my good lord, I can never subscribe to these principles. Let Solomon's fool laugh when he is stricken; let those that mean to make their profit of princes, show to have no sense of princes' injuries; let them acknowledge an infinite absoluteness on earth, that do not believe in an absolute infiniteness in heaven. As for me, I have received wrong, and feel it. My cause is good; I know it; and whatso-

ever come, all the powers on earth can never show more strength and constancy in oppressing, that I can show in suffering whatsoever can or shall be imposed upon me,' &c."

But this great quarrel was afterwards made up, and Essex become as powerful at court as ever; he was sent to Ireland, invested with powers more ample than ever had been conferred on a Lord Deputy before; but his conduct in Ireland being disagreeable to the Queen and her council, he returned suddenly without orders, and "never stopped until he reached the Queen's bed-chamber, where he found her newly risen, with her hair about her face." He was at first graciously received by the Queen, but the next day he was examined by four privy counsellors, on the following charges:—"His contemptuous disobedience of her Majesty's letters and will, in returning; his presumptuous letters written from time to time; his proceedings in Ireland contrary to the points resolved upon in England, ere he went; his rash manner of coming away from Ireland; his over-bold going the day before to her Majesty's presence, to the bed-chamber; and his making of so many idle knights." The Earl answered all these charges with great discretion, and the council made their report to the Queen, who took time to consider of his answers. In the meantime the Earl continued a prisoner in his own apartments, and afterwards in the house of the Lord Keeper. After some months, confinement, "Eighteen commissioners were selected out of the privy council, to discuss his conduct, hear his accusation and defence, and finally pronounce upon him such a *censure*, (for it was not to be called a *sentence*,) as they should see fit." Which censure was, that he should be restrained from exercising any of his offices, and that he should return to his own house, and remain a prisoner as before. Late in August, 1660, the Earl was restored to liberty, but restrained from appearing at court; but, shortly after, he applied to the Queen for a renewal of the lucrative farm of sweet wines which he held, and was refused, as circumstances were daily occurring, to augment the Queen's disgust against him. "The spirit of Essex could endure no more;—rage took possession of his soul; and, equally desperate in fortune and in mind, he prepared to throw himself into any enterprise which the rashness of the worst advisers could suggest." He intrigued with the King of Scots, to persuade him to claim a solemn acknowledgement of his title; and, relying on the speedy arrival of the Scottish Embassy, he attempted an in-

surrection, which might have been of serious consequences, had not Lord Burleigh courageously entered the city, (where Essex had gone to excite the citizens,) with a king at arms, and half a score of horsemen, and, in two places, proclaimed the Earl and all his adherents traitors.

The Earl now returned to Essex House, where he had left in custody the commissioners sent to arrest him in the morning, and endeavoured to defend it against the force with which it was invested; but he soon surrendered, and, with several of his accomplices, was committed to the Tower. His trial and sentence, and the irresolution with which the Queen wavered, before she signed the final warrant for his execution, show the strength of her attachment: but he was at length brought to the scaffold. Of the struggle which this act cost Elizabeth, and of the penitent manner in which "the brave, gallant, and haughty Earl of Essex met his fate," our author is particularly eloquent and instructive.

(To be continued.)

Tales of My Landlord; Second Series, &c.

(Concluded from No. 16, p. 306.)

ON account of Butler's involuntary religious offices to Porteous, on the night of his execution, he found himself detained in a strong room, instead of being admitted to Effie Deans, in the Tolbooth. He was soon summoned to the Council Chamber for examination, where he waited while another man was interrogated, who had been brought up before him. As the character of Ratcliffe, (who was the person that voluntarily staid in prison during the late confusion,) is one of those strong delineations that our author excels in, we shall insert part of his examination:—

"The complexion of this person was dark, and his age somewhat advanced. He wore his own hair, combed smooth down, and cut very short. It was jet black, slightly curled by nature, and already mottled with grey. The man's face expressed rather knavery than vice, more a disposition to sharpness, cunning, and roguery, than the traces of stormy and indulged passions. His sharp, quick black eyes, acute features, ready sardonic smile, promptitude, and effrontery, gave him altogether what is called among the vulgar a *knowing* look, which generally implies a tendency to knavery. At a fair or market, you could not for a moment have doubted that he was a horse-jockey, intimate with all the tricks of his trade; yet had you met him on a moor, you would not have apprehended any violence from him. His dress was also that of

a horse-dealer—a close buttoned jockey-coat, or wrap-rascal, as it was then termed, with huge metal buttons, coarse blue upper stockings, called boot-hose, because supplying the place of boots, and a slouched hat. He wanted a loaded whip under his arm, and a spur upon one heel, to complete the dress of the character he seemed to represent.

"Your name is James Ratcliffe?" said the magistrate.

"Ay—always wi' your honour's leave."

"That is to say, you could find me another name, if I did not like that ane?"

"Twenty to pick and chuse upon, always with your honour's leave," resumed the respondent.

"But James Ratcliffe is your present name?—what is your trade?"

"I canna just say, distinctly, that I have what ye wad ca' preceesely a trade."

"But," repeated the magistrate, "what are your means of living—your occupation?"

"Hout tout—your honour, wi' your leave, kens that as weel as I do," replied the examined.

"No matter, I want to hear you describe it," said the examiner.

"Me describe?—and to your honour?—far be it from Jemmie Ratcliffe," responded the prisoner.

"Come, sir, no trifling—I insist on an answer."

"Weel, sir," replied the declarant, "I maun make a clean breast, for ye see, (wi' your leave) I am looking for favour—Describe my occupation, quo' ye?—troth it will be ill to do that, in a feasible way, in a place like this—but what is't again that the aught command says?"

"Thou shalt not steal," answered the magistrate.

"Are ye sure o' that?—Troth, then, my occupation, and that command, are sair at odds, for I read it, thou shalt steal, and that makes an unco difference, though there's but a wee bit word left out."

"To cut the matter short, Ratcliffe, you have been a most notorious thief," said the examiner.

"I believe Highlands and Lowlands ken that, sir, forbye England and Holland," replied Ratcliffe, with the greatest composure and effrontery.

"And what d'ye think the end o' your calling will be?" said the magistrate.

"I could have gi'en a brave guess yesterday—but I dinna ken sae weel the day," answered the prisoner.

"And what would you have said would have been your end, had you been asked the question yesterday?"

"Just the gallows," replied Ratcliffe, with the same composure.

"You are a daring rascal, sir," said the magistrate; "and how dare you hope times are mended with you to-day?"

"Dear, your honour," answered Ratcliffe, "there's muckle difference between lying in prison under sentence of death, and staying there of ane's ain proper accord, when it would have cost a man naething to get up and rin awa—what was to hinder me from stepping out quietly, when

the rabble walked awa' wi' Jock Porteous yestreen?—and does your honour really think I staid on purpose to be hanged?"

"I do not know what you may have proposed to yourself; but I know," said the magistrate, "what the law proposes for you, and that is to hang you next Wednesday eight days."

"Na, na, your honour," said Ratcliffe firmly, "craving your honour's pardon, I'll ne'er believe that till I see it. I have kenn'd the law this mony a year, and mony a thrawart job I hae had wi' her first and last; but the auld jaud is no sae ill as that comes to—I aye fand her bark waur than her bite."

"And if you do not expect the gallows, to which you are condemned, (for the fourth time to my knowledge) may I beg the favour to know," said the magistrate, "what it is that you do expect in consideration of your not having taken your flight with the rest of the jail-birds, which I will admit was a line of conduct little to have been expected?"

"I would never have thought for a moment of staying in that auld gousty toom house," answered Ratcliffe, "but that use and wont had just gi'en me a fancy to the place, and I'm just expecting a bit post m't."

"A post!" exclaimed the magistrate; "a whipping post, I suppose, you mean?"

"Na, na, sir, I had nae thoughts o' a whupping-post. After having been four times doomed to hang by the neck till I was dead, I think I am far beyond being whuppit."

"Then, in Heaven's name, what did you expect?"

"Just the post of under-turnkey, for I understand there's a vacancy," said the prisoner; "I wadna think of asking the lockman's* place ower his head; it wadna suit me sae weel as ither folk, for I never could pit a beast out o' the way, much less deal wi' a man."

"That's something in your favour," said the magistrate, making exactly the inference to which Ratcliffe was desirous to lead him, though he mantled his art with an affectation of oddity. "But," continued the magistrate, "how do you think you can be trusted with a charge in the prison, when you have broken at your own hand half the jails in Scotland?"

"Wi' your honour's leave," said Ratcliffe, "if I kenn'd sae weel how to wun out mysel, it's like I wad be a' the better a hand to keep other folks in. I think

* *Hangman*, so called from the small quantity of meal (*Scottish, lock*) which he was entitled to take out of every boll exposed to market in the city. In Edinburgh he duty has been very long commuted; but in Dumfries the finisher of the law still exercises, or did lately exercise, his privilege, the quantity taken being regulated by a small iron ladle, which he uses as the measure of his perquisite. The expression *lock* for a small quantity of any readily divisible dry substance, as corn, meal, flux, or the like, is still preserved, not only popularly, but in a legal description, as the *lock and gowpen*, or small quantity and handful, payable in thirlage cases, as in-town multure.

they wad ken their business weel that held me in when I wanted to be out, or wan out when I wanted to hand them in."

"The remark seemed to strike the magistrate, but he made no further immediate remark, only desired Ratcliffe to be removed."

"When this daring, and yet sly freebooter was out of hearing, the magistrate asked the city-clerk, 'what he thought of the fellow's assurance?'"

"It's not for me to say, sir," replied the clerk; "but if James Ratcliffe be inclined to turn to good, there is not a man e'er came within the ports of the burgh could be of sae muckle use to the good town in the thief and lock-up line of business. I'll speak to Mr. Sharpitlaw about him."

This fellow's cunning succeeded, and he proved a wary turnkey; his knowledge of all the rogues and bad practices in Scotland, is not a solitary instance of the hackneyed phrase, that it is best to "set a thief to catch a thief." Butler's upright mind and conscientious integrity also made his discharge easy, but not till he had owned his rencontre with the stranger on the hill, who was that night to meet Jeanie in mystery and darkness.—It was soon conjectured that this person was no other than the notorious George Robertson, the accomplice of Wilson, and his avenger during the late mob, where, disguised as Madge Wildfire, a crazy young woman, with whom he was in league, he led the band to seize and hang Porteous; that he was also the father of Effie's child, was pretty clear, and a party repaired to Mushat's Cairn, in hopes of taking the offender. Ratcliffe's double dealing on this expedition was conspicuous and amusing; with pretended anxiety to apprehend the criminal, in order to secure himself the new office, yet with a sly endeavour to save his former comrade and friend, he succeeds in giving such notice to Robertson, as allows time for retreat—poor Jeanie alone is taken, and even she contrives, by the fleetness of her foot, afterwards to elude the unpleasant escort to prison.—All that passed between her and the fugitive, was an anxious supplication on his part, so far to deviate from the truth on Effie's approaching trial, as to give evidence, that her sister communicated her pregnancy to her, which would be sufficient to give her life and liberty—but Jeanie, a strict and conscientious presbyterian, held it incompatible with her duty as a Christian to save her sister by falsehood and perjury—she even withstands the affecting entreaties of Effie, on her interview before the trial, to save her "young life"—for Effie was not eighteen. We now come to the dreaded day, when this

unfortunate girl is to be tried for life and death:—

“ ‘Euphemia Deans,’ said the presiding judge, in an accent in which pity was blended with dignity, ‘stand up, and listen to the criminal indictment now to be preferred against you.’

“The unhappy girl, who had been stupefied by the confusion through which the guards had forced a passage, cast a bewildered look on the multitude of faces around her, which seemed to tapestry, as it were, the walls, in one broad slope from the ceiling to the floor, with human countenances, and instinctively obeyed a command, which rung in her ears like the trumpet of the judgment-day.

“ ‘Put back your hair, Effie,’ said one of the macers; for her beautiful and abundant tresses of long fair hair, which, according to the costume of the country, unmarried women were not allowed to cover with any sort of cap, and which, alas! Effie dared no longer confine with the snood or ribband, which implied purity of maiden-fame, now hung unbound and dishevelled over her face, and almost concealed her features. On receiving this hint from the attendant, the unfortunate young woman, with a hasty, trembling, and apparently mechanical compliance, shaded back from her face her luxuriant locks, and showed to the whole court, excepting one individual, a countenance, which, though pale and emaciated, was so lovely amid its agony, that it called forth an universal murmur of compassion and sympathy. Apparently the expressive sound of human feeling recalled the poor girl from the stupor of fear, which predominated at first over every other sensation, and awakened her to the no less painful sense of shame and exposure attached to her present situation. Her eye, which had at first glanced wildly around, was turned on the ground; her cheek, at first so deadly pale, began gradually to be overspread with a faint blush, which increased so fast, that, when in agony of shame she strove to conceal her face, her temples, her brow, her neck, and all that her slender fingers and small palms could not cover, became of the deepest crimson.

“All marked and were moved by these changes, excepting one. It was old Deans, who, motionless in his seat, and concealed, as we have said, by the corner of the bench, from seeing or being seen, did nevertheless keep his eyes firmly fixed on the ground, as if determined that, by no possibility whatsoever, would he be an ocular witness of the shame of his house.

“ ‘Ichabod!’ he said to himself—‘Ichabod! my glory is departed.’

“While these reflections were passing through his mind, the indictment, which set forth in technical form the crime of which the pannel stood accused, was read as usual, and the prisoner was asked if she was Guilty, or Not Guilty.

“ ‘Not guilty of my poor bairn’s death,’ said Effie Deans, in an accent corresponding in plaintive softness of tone to the beauty of her features, and which was not heard by the audience without emotion.”

After the trial was nearly concluded, the whole question of guilt hung upon the evidence of Jeanie, whether or no her sister had communicated her situation—but, notwithstanding the plaintive and heart-rending appeal that broke from the prisoner, to “save her,” and the anxiety of the spectators, Jeanie Deans’s upright rectitude triumphed—she denied ever having been told a word of it. The worst now becomes necessary, the fair criminal is convicted, but recommended to mercy, which the Judge desires her not to expect. The subsequent scenes are interesting and pathetic, especially where Jeanie goes to bid farewell to her sister, and to unfold her romantic purpose of journeying up to town, in order to beg the forfeited life of their Majesties, through the Duke of Argyle, whose grandfather’s life was once saved by Butler’s ancestor. The difficulty of procuring a few pounds for defraying her expenses, induced her to apply to her admirer, the Laird of Dumbiedikes. This case produced extraordinary exertion on his part—he unlocked his strong box, and displayed his hoards, and closed the whole by expressing his liberal determination of making her Lady Dumbiedikes that very day—amazement succeeded to his liberality, when she entirely declined the honour, and acknowledged herself attached to Butler, but merely begged the loan of a trifle, till her father could repay it. Offended pride and avarice caused him instantly to turn the key on his treasures, and to declare he would not waste his siller on other folk’s jo’s—poor Jeanie departed, but was not far on her pedestrian journey, when overtaken by the poney, bearing the Laird, in his dressing gown and cocked hat, who presented her with twenty guineas upon second thoughts. Our heroine now proceeds to London on her pious errand, and meets with little obstruction during the first part of her journey; but, beyond Newark, she is assailed by robbers—they convey her to a barn, where the two most fearful persons are Madge Wildfire, the idiotic person we noticed as being concerned with Robertson and her mother, a horrible hag, desperate, revengeful, and cruel. Jeanie soon perceives they have been instrumental in the affair of poor Effie, yet she can learn nothing of the child. The next morning, Madge proposes a walk to Jeanie, whilst the gang are out; the latter hopes thereby to effect her escape, and accompanies her fantastic companion: they arrive at a village during service-time, and enter the church, where Jeanie implores the protection of the clergyman; he orders her to attend

him at his house, promising an escort on the next day. The clergyman is a man of family and preferment—his son is in ill health, and in an adjoining room, hears the conversation of Jeanie; he contrives to see her, and proves to be the identical George Robertson—the rescued criminal, the seducer of Effie, and the slayer of Porteous—when informed of her condemnation, and the purport of Jeanie’s journey, he offers to become the sacrifice, and begs Jeanie to purchase her sister’s pardon, by delivering up so notorious a criminal. Shuddering at his crimes, and exhorting him to repentance, she resolves to keep his secret, and pursues her way to London, where she is received by her kinswoman, Mrs. Glass, and obtains an interview with the Duke of Argyle. Her excellent understanding, simplicity of demeanour, Scottish garb, and, above all, the services of Butler’s family to his grandfather, interest that excellent nobleman in her cause. He bids her plead her own cause to a lady who has great influence with the King, and takes her to Richmond, where she sees Queen Caroline, and obtains a promise of her influence. Effie’s pardon is obtained, and sent to Scotland, whilst numberless benefits are showered upon Jeanie; her father is placed upon the property of the Duke, and Butler obtains a kirk. The erring Effie, however, is again missing; she has fled with Robertson, or rather young Staunton, who marries her; and, after a few years of education and high life, even her sister can scarcely recognize the former Effie, in the elegant, fashionable Lady Staunton.—Sir George has reason to suppose his child was saved by being delivered to a gypsie, during Effie’s confinement at the vile Meg Murdockson’s, the mother of Madge Wildfire—he travels to Scotland, and encounters Butler; none, however, recognize his identity with the notorious rebel who escaped punishment so many years ago; he is ill in health and miserable in mind, and is killed in a scuffle near the house of Butler, by some desperados; and it appears probable that he fell by the hand of his own son. This youth, wild and unmanageable, escapes from justice and from the care of Mrs. Butler, and is heard of no more; whilst the Butlers reap the reward of their virtuous lives.

That this work possesses merit in the consistency of character, in the drawing of the most prominent features of the history, and in the picturesque delineations of scenery, cannot be denied; many of the incidents astonish us with their near resemblance to reality, which is not the less conspicuous by nearly

the whole being laid in low life; and to those who are familiar with Scotch manners, characters, scenery, and language, this novel will pourtray the very essence of all that they have remarked before:—yet, to the general reader, it will be local and tedious.—We have one man fatiguing us with his scraps of law and Latin; and another with his eternal and quaint presbyterian creed, and his constant allusions to religious subjects. We have a musical idiot singing unconnected verses from Scotch ballads and songs, which is no new idea; and we have rather more low-lived jail slang and disgusting murderous expressions, especially from Meg Murdockson, than seems necessary to give nerve to the language. Neither is the tale concluded in a satisfactory manner. That the child of so much grief and danger should never be produced to the mother, who suffered so severely for its sake; and that her blackened character, by the suspicion of its murder, should not be cleared to the world, seems to leave a feeling of disappointment upon the mind of the reader: that the erring father should not be reclaimed even in death, but merely live to make his wife an unamiable fine lady, is also dissatisfactory. These exceptions, however, only apply to the formation of the story, and no way deteriorate from other claims of the author, by whose able pen we hope to be again led into the fascinating labyrinths of well-woven fiction, adorned by force, genius, and learning. To paint life in strong colours is certainly the task of the novelist; mere sentiment, and appeal to the softer feelings, will not support the interest that the beguiled imagination requires:—therefore the blending of personages whose character is in striking contrast, is the greatest effort, as well as the greatest difficulty, of the fictitious writer; and in this particular the author of the *Tales of my Landlord* is distinguished.

On the whole, there is, in the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*, much to condemn, as well as much that is to be praised. We think that this tale will be almost universally less esteemed than those of Mr. Jedediah Cleishbotham, that have gone before it; and we believe that a perseverance in exactly the same path with that which has been now trodden, is not to be recommended to this ingenious and industrious gentleman.

Original Correspondence.

METEORIC APPEARANCE.

To the Editor of the *Literary Journal*.

SIR,—No doubt some of the numerous

readers of your highly interesting and novel *Journal*, can inform me the reason for the following wonderful appearance, which happened about 11 o'clock, on Monday, August 3, 1818. Returning home with a friend through Hanover Street, London, a glare of light, similar to lightning, flashed before us; on looking up, we beheld a thin streak of blue light, which appeared about two yards long, and which took the shape of a serpent. It could not have been a fire-work, as it had no connection with any thing below; the glare did not continue a second; the light blue streak remained two minutes; we could distinctly see it fade away.

Your Constant Reader,
A. O. X.

Westminster, Thursday.

AN ANAGRAM.

To the Editor of the *Literary Journal*.

SIR,—The following curious Anagram, which I do not recollect to have seen in print, is much at your service, should you deem it worthy of a place in your valuable *Journal*.

Your obedient humble servant,
Portland Place, J. W.
Aug. 3, 1818.

NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

No appear not on Elba.

ON PANTOMIMES.

To the Editor of the *Literary Journal*.

SIR,—We are generally told in the Christmas play-bills of the two great theatres, that "*the Pantomimes* have for several months been under preparation:" it may not be amiss therefore, at the present moment, to notice the very bad taste of the modern authors of such species of productions, in their exhibiting the horrific in all its most frightful forms, to the exclusion of every thing that is probable or natural.

This departure from the genuine spirit of harlequinade can alone be attributed to the mistaken idea of astonishment consisting, and amusement springing from, horrifying sights of ghosts and hob-goblins, which is more calculated, if such performances are to be, to terrify old women and overgrown children, than to promote real pleasure and amusement to the more juvenile part of the audience, whom it must be remembered, such dramatic productions were originally designed to please and delight; but now, instead of the adoption of ludicrous novelty, or extravagant nonsense, there is nothing funny or laughable, unless it is in the captivating shape of *atrociousness*, *improbability*, or *monstrosity*.

Such spectacles, it is obvious, therefore, can tend only to injure the minds of the younger spectators, by causing them, when at home, to shudder with fright at the idea merely of going to bed, fearing to encounter the terrifying sights their minds have been impressed with.

This, then, in my opinion, merits serious

consideration; and, as it is of peculiar importance to parents, and to those entrusted with children, these observations, conveyed through your channel of communication, will confer much favour; as it may probably tend also hereafter to be more conducive to the authors' fame, as well as more beneficial to the interests of the places wherein their productions are to be appreciated.

I am, very respectfully,
Percy Street, Your obliged,
July 31, 1818. G. W.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

No. I.

PROEM.

PERHAPS no metropolis in the world is less known, as to the State of its Society and Manners, than London. At once the largest city and emporium of general trade; the greatest resort of foreigners, and thence of universal conversation: we must consider it almost of course, as likely to afford the most various diversities of character—and interesting peculiarities and combinations of national feeling. Still, however, with all these materials for praise or censure, for illustration or as subject of remark, London has latterly not found an individual enterprising or courageous enough to enter into an entertaining history of its Society and Manners. The quantity of material is itself embarrassing, in as much as selection will become a duty of no ordinary difficulty—and upon a judicious selection and discreet combination, the success of such an attempt must principally depend.

It is too hackneyed a truism to be here repeated, that the actual state of a nation's civilization is best ascertained from the terms upon which its society is held together—and the urbanity or coarseness of the people's manners towards each other. Luxury will no doubt produce refinement in both; and comparative riches often mark the scale which separates classes from each other. In most countries, family descent has long been the index which points out to those who are called the highest order in the state; and wealth has had but comparatively little influence in directing the etiquette at court, or in the humbler drawing room. Society is not in foreign countries so subdivided as we find it amongst ourselves; although within a very short period indeed, we can see the natural influence of riches asserting its privilege, and dividing the

laurels with the crosses of Malta and the Golden Fleece. Indeed, the State of Society and Manners, not unfrequently affects the first and dearest institutions of a country; or must often, perhaps, be rather viewed as the result of the fitness of its government and laws for the proper security of its happiness and glory. The manners of a nation very frequently result from the state of cultivation in which letters may be found; from the nature of the tenure by which property is held, as much as from the particular form of its government. But to descant here at least any further upon their influence is not my object, as I shall have frequent opportunities of recurring to the subject, before the conclusion of my labours.

I fear, however, upon mature reflection, I may have forgotten the Roman Poet's advice, in undertaking a duty, which I have not sufficient strength to perform. But in proportion as it is dangerous, success will bring the greater honour: and failure will be liable to the less reproach. That my fears are not silly, or my apprehensions vain, will at once appear, when I inform my readers, that my intention is to furnish them with a weekly exhibition of the present state of society and manners in London.

My apprehensions, indeed, are particularly increased, when I look at the direction which public taste has latterly taken. When I find our Poets and our Novelists—the natural painters of society and manners, fly from the scenes that home affords them; rich in variety and verdure, and clothed by a nature luxuriant and endearing. And whither is their flight directed—what objects do they seek and represent to us—Turkish manners from the Harem; Chinese story, that has but a fabled existence; German sentiment, neither natural, refined, nor manly; or, Scotch border-fends, with all the massacres and brutality that has attended and even still attends them! These are the subjects with which they present us—the subjects that enjoy the praises of public taste, and, if indulged in, will destroy our public character. I am really startled at the task which I have undertaken, and half determined not to continue in its performance, when I survey the fearful odds against me in the field. When I perceive the daily and hourly changes,—made in London and its vicinity: the decline of Lord E—'s political power, and the waning influence of those patronesses of fashion, Ladies H— or D—; when I find artists rich and proud; and the improved theatres empty; the Opera neglected; intrigues entered into, only to be pub-

lished; and streets and shops seizing upon the meadows and the site of delightful tea-gardens:—when I find merchants becoming peers—their shopmen, officers: peers becoming beggars, and actresses, peeresses:—when, in short, I find but changes infinite almost hourly, at least daily, occurring, I tremble at the duty I have imposed upon myself. But, there are some few things which still remain as they were thirty years ago. Some virtues and principles which have not changed; some charms for broken minds, and anodynes for wounded hearts, which prevent London from not being London still—to a man who has long been absent from it. There are still certain tones of manner, certain traits of character, certain arrangements and modes of society—which can be seized and developed; which, if lightly touched by delicate praises, or ridiculed without acerbity, must ultimately tend, if not to the improvement, at least to the innocent recreation of my readers. I cannot, even if it were prudent, enter as fully as I should otherwise feel disposed, into all the various matters to which my attention shall be directed.

Who I am, it is of little importance to know, if I give evidence of capacity to write, and what I write be calculated to effect the purposes I intend. Fathers, however, will wish to know my condition in life, before I am introduced; and mothers endeavour to ascertain my fortune and connexions, before I am allowed the honour of a salute from Miss. Old maids will look for my pretensions to become a friendly monitor, or unrepublishing satyr; the dandies whisper I am a confounded bore, and stare me out of all society; whilst coquettes and old bachelors, and gentlemen grooms, and lady-a-glors, will unite their efforts to malign my character, and lessen my influence, when I most wish it to prove efficient. I have, however, the member of parliament in my favour; they will frank my production and it may widely circulate: exclusive of the predilection which the newspapers will undoubtedly evince for all the little scandalous topics, intrigues, elopements, and family secrets which may escape me before my labours are completed. But to all these ladies and gentlemen, I shall briefly state, I neither live in Grosvenor-square, or in Pater-noster-row; and am not a duke, a half-pay officer, or a police-man. Some thirty years ago, I left London for the benefit of my health, and recovered rapidly; but a only daughter was snatched from me, at the moment she was destined to become a mother: and a few years afterwards, an endearing wife followed her to the grave. I was so far left alone in the

world; my tie to life was gone, and I should have risked every future fate, and shared their tomb, but for the kindly interposition of a few friends. Time and cheerful society again relieved me from my melancholy: I frequently changed my place of residence, and derived from it all those manifold advantages, which a mind disposed to be happy under every circumstance, will not fail to do. My health had been now two years completely re-established, and I determined to return once more to London, the scene of early hopes, delights, and fears; which, however distant from the scene—I never can reflect on without a mixture of pleasure and regret. As to my years, they are above man's meridian; they have enabled me to see the world, and read mankind—the best and chiefest sources of him are instruction and improvement. I am not young enough to be borne away by first impressions, or hurried from charitable observation by my predilection or my passions: nor yet arrived at such an age, as to have lost all relish for amusement, or all stimulus to useful exertion. I want nothing from those in power; and am little likely to be biassed by the praise or censure of the crowd.—More of myself it would be waste of time to state;—my future numbers will best solve the questions—who and what I am—my name, capacity, and condition of life.

The English are termed a *thinking* people, and perhaps deservedly. They are, comparatively speaking, the only free people in Europe, and as their pursuits are chiefly commercial, discussions upon liberty, or the means of acquiring riches, chiefly occupy their attention. They are not generally reputed social at home; and abroad are regarded as haughty, reserved, and mistrustful. They measure, however, the national character by that of the metropolis, and therefore mistake it. They have never travelled through the provinces, nor given their estimate of the English character from actual observation, or minute inspection, in the proper quarters. The poverty of England might as well be argued from the colony of New South Wales, as the liberality or morality of her people from the conduct of the metropolis. People all change character in towns of such vast extent—the range of vice and profligacy is more open—less liable to detection—and, consequently, more frequently put into practice. In London, the people must be distant, or reserved, to protect their properties and families from abuse. Where distress is often assumed to impose on pity—and age is counterfeited to extort your charity—

one cannot be upbraided for want of liberality, or the indulgence of reserve, if he mistake the object, and deny the boon, which might otherwise have been given—perhaps before 'twas craved. But I must not now dwell longer here; the time will come when I can be more diffuse.

Political and religious occurrences, I shall but rarely advert to—a statement the more necessary to be made after the conflicts and heart-burnings which they have so very recently excited. The historian and biographer will attend to these things: and state papers and parliamentary documents will be chronicled with an assiduity, more than worthy of their importance. Indeed, it appears to me, that after a long war, when old and young, and male and female, have talked of little else than taxes and soldiers—when nothing was considered interesting but a bulletin, or an illumination for victory—a little relief is not only absolutely necessary, but that an attention to lighter things cannot fail of meeting the general approbation. If the public interest had not been almost totally absorbed of such grave and serious considerations, and for such a protracted length of time, we should not have been found so very inattentive to the condition of society and manners amongst us.—The period, however, is at last arrived when they may put forward a claim to more general notice, when some interest may be attached to their development: and

“—the grave, the gay, the lively, and severe,” respectively find something to dissipate a gloomy hour, exact a warm smile, or provoke a sportive and heart-soothing laugh. I shall have to encounter much difficulty and delay in diversifying my future numbers—in collecting passing events—and giving

“—the very age and body of the time,
Its form and pressure.”

The number of inhabitants which our metropolis contains—their extraordinary wealth—the variety of methods by which it is acquired—the degrees into which society is divided—the various traits which its manners must exhibit—will severally, I should hope, enable me to form such pictures, as not only to be recognised at once, but worthy of obtaining some credit for the drawing. The lines shall not be harsh, nor the colouring severe;—the earthly and the gaudy shall be alike avoided;—the perspective shall be accurately taken, the distances carefully preserved—and the foreground shall exhibit all those objects which can embellish or improve. The progress of the arts and sciences—the exchange, the coffee-room, the bou-

doir, the drawing-room—the drives—the public buildings and exhibitions—in short, the present state of manners and society, in its most extensive meaning, shall be made the subject of my periodical labours.

“Whate’er men do, or think, or say, or dream,
Alike’s the motley subject of my theme.”

ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

The public will recollect that two expeditions have sailed to the northward, of which the one is under orders to attempt the reaching of Behring’s Straits, by the seas of Spitzbergen, and the supposed Polar Basin; and the other to seek a passage to the same Straits, by the way of Davis’s Straits, which open to the west of Greenland. Of these projected voyages, their direction, preparations and objects, a full account, illustrated with a map, on an original construction, was given in our second number.—The certain failure of one of the expeditions, namely, that directed toward the Polar Basin, is now rumoured, and a newspaper supplies us with the following statement:—

“Some doubts having been expressed as to the truth of the reports of the Discovery Ships not having found a passage to the northward practicable, we can now state, that it is placed beyond a doubt, by a letter from Captain Nairn, of the whale-fishing ship *Princess of Wales*. Capt. Nairn writes, of date the 7th ult. that on the 10th of June, in lat. 80, 2, he spoke the Discovery Ships, and was informed, that the highest latitude they had reached was 80° 22’; * that he then went on board with his log-book, and learned that they could find no passage further to the northward on the west side of Spitzbergen. He adds, that the officers gratefully acknowledged his attention, the *Princess of Wales* being the first ship they had seen, and offered in the most handsome manner to supply him with any thing he might want; and that when last seen, the ships were steering to the S. W.”

AN ACCOUNT

OF

THE SEA SERPENT,

Said to have been seen in the Seas of Norway, and on the East Coast of North America.

ALTHOUGH the existence of an enormous oceanic serpent has lately been repeatedly affirmed, yet the accounts of it are so vague and contradictory, that little is yet known of its natural history. Pliny relates an account of a land serpent one hundred and twenty feet long, which opposed the passage of the Roman army under Atilius Regulus, in crossing the *Lea Bagrada*, in Africa, and killed several of the soldiers before it could be destroyed, which was at length effected by battle

axes, arrows having made no impression on it. Diodorus Siculus informs us of a serpent in Egypt sixty feet long, which lived chiefly in the water, being at length caught and presented alive to Ptolemy the Second. Olaus Magnus, in his *Historia de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*, describes a sea snake two hundred feet long and twenty feet in circumference, which lived in the hollows of the rocks, and under the cliffs about Bergen, going out in the moonlight nights to devour calves, sheep, and swine, or else to the sea to catch crabs, star-fish, &c.: this monster had a mane two feet long, was covered with scales, and had fiery eyes. He also gives an account of another Norwegian sea-snake, eighty feet long, and of the thickness of a child’s arm only, which was put to such pain by crabs fastening on it, that it writhed itself into an hundred shapes.

The Rev. Mr. Egede, in his *History of Greenland*, mentions having seen a monster of so huge a size, that coming out of the water, its head reached as high as the mast head, its body was as bulky as the ship, and three or four times as long, with great broad paws; the body seemed covered with shell-work, and the under part of it shaped like an enormous huge serpent, and its skin very rugged; it had a long pointed snout, and spouted like a whale, and when it dived into the water it plunged backwards, and so raised its tail aloft, which seemed a whole ship’s length from the bulkiest part of the body. Mr. Bing, another of the missionaries who accompanied Mr. Egede, and made a drawing of this animal, says its eyes were red like fire. This was in the year 1731, and in latitude 64 degrees.

In the latter end of August, 1746, the Hon. Lawrence Ferry, captain in the navy, when on his return from Trondheim, at a place called Jule Næss, within six miles of Molde, shot at a sea serpent which instantly plunged into the water; its head, which it held more than two feet above the surface of the water, resembled that of a horse, and was of a greyish colour, the mouth quite black and large: it had black eyes, and a long white mane that hung down from the neck to the surface of the water. Besides the head and neck, seven or eight folds or coils of this snake were seen, which were very thick, and about a fathom distance between each fold. This account is confirmed by the depositions on oath of two sailors, at Bergen, in 1751, who accompanied Captain Ferry.

Pontoppidan, the venerable Bishop of Bergen, in his *Natural History of Norway*, collected all the contemporary information he could gain on the subject of the sea serpent, of the existence of which he was firmly persuaded; and as his account is curious, we shall give an abstract of it.

The sea ormen, the sea snake, *serpens marinus magnus* called by some, in Norway, the daale-tust, is a wonderful and terrible sea monster, which keeps itself in the bottom of the sea, except in July and August, which is their spawning time, when they come to the surface in calm weather, but plunge into the water again, so soon

* See the table of the highest latitudes previously reached.—LITERARY JOURNAL, No. 1.

As the wind rouses the least wave; its length is about six hundred English feet, and its body, which appears to be as big as two hogsheads, grows remarkably small at once, just where the tail begins; it lays on the surface of the water in many folds, and some small parts of the back are to be seen above the water when it moves or bends; these at a distance appear like so many casks or hogsheads floating in a line, with a considerable distance between them. The head, in all the kinds, has a high and broad forehead, but in some a pointed snout, though in others it is like that of a cow or a horse, with large nostrils and several stiff hairs standing out on each side like whiskers; its body is of a dark brown colour, speckled and variegated with light streaks or spots, that shine like tortoise-shell; its eyes are large and of a blue colour, resembling pewter plates. The sea snake or serpent is said to be viviparous, and to seek its mate at a certain time of the year, in order to couple; it has a very acute smell, and flies from castor, which the fishermen carry with them for the purpose; the body is of a soft and slimy consistence, and it is said to shed its skin annually, like the land snake, and that its excrements are poisonous, and will occasion a painful swelling, which may require the amputation of the part that is touched with it. Although no accidents were ever occasioned by the sea serpent on the coast of Norway, where it is most frequent, yet the north traders told Pontoppidan that it frequently throws itself across a boat, and sometimes even across a vessel of some hundred tons burthen, and, by its weight, sinks it to the bottom. The motion of the sea serpent is very quick, and it shoots like an arrow, constantly seeking the coldest place.

Huge as this monster is, and incredible as it may appear, it is not the largest of the species, but falls infinitely short of the Kraken, "whose back," says Pontoppidan, "seems to be in appearance about a mile and a half in circumference, and looks at first like a number of small islands, surrounded with something that floats and fluctuates like sea-weeds. Here and there a larger rising is observed, like sand banks, on which various kinds of small fishes are seen continually leaping about, till they roll off into the water from the sides of it; at last several bright points or horns appear, which grow thicker, the higher they rise above the surface of the water, and sometimes they stand up as high and as large as the masts of middle-sized vessels. It seems these are the creature's arms, and it is said if they were to lay hold of the largest man of war they would pull it down to the bottom: after this monster has been on the surface of the water a short time, it begins slowly to sink again, and causes such a swell in the sea, and such an eddy or whirlpool, that it draws every thing down with it." Without admitting the account of this monster, as described by Pontoppidan, (which, it must be observed, he does not relate of his own knowledge), some writers of Natural History do believe in the existence of the Kraken, and offered some sug-

gestions as to its classification. Denys Montfort, a writer who seems to have considered its nature with attention, believes it to be a sort of *SÆPIA*. The Editor of Rees's Cyclopædia thinks it an animal of a distinct genus, not yet ascertained, and partaking in some degree of the characters both of the genera *SÆPIA* and *MEDUSA*, and yet not strictly appertaining to either: and the Editor of the Encyclopædia Britannica says, there is no such animal, but "that the whole depends on certain optical appearances, arising from a peculiar state of the atmosphere, which then exhibits to the deluded fancy something of the form of a huge animal."

The Linnæan Society, of New England, has published a pamphlet relative to a large Marine Serpent seen near Cape Ann, Massachusetts, in August, 1817, by several persons, whose depositions, on oath, are given. The accounts are somewhat contradictory; but, so far as we are able to reconcile them, its length appears to have been between forty and seventy feet, its body, about the size of a half barrel, was of a brown colour, rough and scaly, (some say smooth) its head like a rattlesnake's, and nearly as large as that of a horse; its motion vertical, its eye bright and dark, and its tongue about two feet long, resembling a fisherman's harpoon. It moved very rapidly, holding its head about twelve inches above the water. Several distinct portions of its body were seen at once, which resembled so many floating casks, and induced the belief that they were bunches on its back, but the animal is believed to be straight, and these apparent bunches occasioned by its vertical motion: it was seen on several successive days, between the 10th and 28th of August. It is represented that this animal, or one of the same species, was seen on the coast of America, in the years 1809, 1811, and 1815; that seen in 1809, in Penobscot Bay, is said to have been three hundred feet long. It will be seen that this account of the American serpent does not differ materially from that described by Captain Ferry, nor (except in the length) from the more general description given by Pontoppidan, and there is no doubt but they are all of the same species.

About a month after this serpent was seen on the coast of America, a serpent of remarkable appearance was brought from Gloucester to Boston, in the United States, and exhibited as the progeny of the great serpent; it had been killed upon the seashore, by some labouring people of Cape Ann, its length was about three feet, with numerous protuberances on its back; there is, however, nothing to warrant a certain conclusion, that it is of the same species as the Great Sea Serpent*.

It has already been stated, that the body of the Sea Serpent is described of a soft substance, and this is also the case with the younger ones. Pontoppidan men-

* Engraved figures of this small serpent were intended to accompany the present paper; but, the artist not having kept his time, we are obliged to defer their insertion till next week.—EDIT.

tions, that a young one caught, died instantly, and by the soft and viscid slime to which it was dissolved, occasioned such a stench, as to compel them to throw it overboard. Pere Labat, in his *Nouveaux Voyages aux Isles Françoises de l'Amerique*, gives a similar account of a small sea serpent, about four feet long, and as thick as a man's arm, which the next morning dissolved into a greenish fetid water.

An attempt is now making to impose on the credulity of the metropolis, by exhibiting a large fresh water snake, about ten feet long, as the American Serpent. The lakes of Sundiford and Uland in Norway, are famous for water snakes, so that the inhabitants of the adjacent countries dare not venture to row across them in a boat; the lakes and rivers of America also abound with them, and the snake now exhibiting in Piccadilly, has been brought thence.

EPITAPHIS.

Written by Buchanan, Tutor to James II, and translated by the Author of "Sacred Allegories."

Beneath this stone lies Jemmy Wood,
Who never deem'd an action good
That brought no gain;
And now, though dead, if e'er he thought
Thou read'st these simple lines for nought,
'Twould give him pain.

In the Church-Yard at Folkestone, in Kent.

A house she hath, its made of such good fashion,
The tenant ne'er shall pay for reparation,
Nor will her landlord ever raise her rent,
Or turn her out for non-payment;
From chimney-money too this cell is free:
To such a house who would not tenant be?

VERBAL CRITICISM.

Only, Alone.—These words are often convertibly used without due regard to their distinct signification. Their obvious etymologies are (*only*) one-ly or one-like; (*alone*) all one. The former relates to *principal unity*, the latter, to *circumstantial exclusion*. *Only* seems properly an adjective; *alone* an adverb. Dr. Johnson ascribes the double capacity to each, with little difference in his definitions of the adjectives:—

"When Aurelian passed over into Asia against an adversary whose sex *alone* could render her an object of contempt, his presence restored obedience to the provinces of Bithynia, already shaken by the arms and intrigues of Zenobia."—GIBBON'S Hist.

In this passage, *only* should have the place of *alone*; for the sense intended to be expressed, is, that there was nothing but the sex of Zenobia that could be despised by the emperor; whereas the text, in its present state, might suggest a very different interpretation—"an adversary whose sex *alone* (exclusively of all other failings) could render her," &c., a signification, at which the gallantry of the historian would have revolted.

"The King's temper admitted of no

deliberation. He ordered Gloucester to be arrested, to be hurried on board a ship that was lying in the River, and to be carried over to Calais, where alone, by reason of his numerous partisans, he could safely be detained in custody."—HUME's Hist. Rich. II.

Here, too, the sense requires *only* instead of *alone*, the observation being, not that the situation of Calais, *independently of other means*, rendered the prisoner's detention safe, but that Calais was the only place where his partisans could not reach him.

— "He alone
Dealt on lieutenancy"
SHAKSP. Ant and Cleop.

For the same reason, *alone* here, should be *only*. The particle, whether right or wrong, appertains to the latter portion of the sentence, not to the former; and what Antony would express, is plainly that Octavius acted in the war by his lieutenants keeping himself out of harm's way; not that he exercised any peculiar or exclusive function in the disposition of those officers.

Again, in a more familiar instance—

"He knows alone in proper mode,
How to take vengeance on an ode."
CHURCHILL.

The sense requires *only*, not *alone*, because it is not meant that the person alluded to knows, without the assistance of any other, to take such vengeance; but that he is the proper or only man for that purpose.

On the other hand—

— "Like an eagle in a dove cot, I
Flutter'd your Volces in Corioli:
Alone I did it."—SHAKS. Coriolanus.

The adverbial particle *alone* is here in its right place, and could not, without impairing the spirit, sense, and energy of the passage, be changed to *only*; for Coriolanus is not uttering an indecorous boast that he had achieved what no other general in the Roman army could perform, but reminding Aufidius, how, placed by the chance of war in a situation where he could receive no help, he, by his single prowess, spread terror and consternation through the Volcians.

So likewise in the passage following—

"I am alone the villain of the earth."
Ant. and Cleop.

is the true expression of Enobarbus's feeling, which did not suggest—

"I am the only villain of the earth."
(though *only* might stand here poetically signifying pre-eminence); but I am aloof and detached beyond all fellowship or comparison, emphatically the villain of the world.

The Drama.

SURREY THEATRE.—Since our last notice of this theatre, three novelties have been produced; two have already received the stamp of public approbation, and the third promises to be no less successful. It is not a little remarkable that the novels of Smollett, which have given so much delight in the closet, should have been left undramatized for so long a period, and now are so deservedly popular, that one, two, or three pieces founded on them, are played every night. Roderick Random is an admirable burletta, but there appears to have been some difficulty in adapting it to the stage, on account of the numerous and striking incidents in the history, the thread of which it was not easy to preserve. A musical prologue relates the early history of Roderick, and the piece opens with his shipwreck on the coast of Sussex; his duel with Captain Crampley, introduction to Narcissa, seizure by the smugglers, adventures at Boulogne, and as a French musqueteer, meeting with Strap, and return to England, fill up the first two acts; after which, an Epilogue relates his adventures in London; those at Bath and the happy termination of his troubles, in meeting with his father and his uncle Bowling, and his union with Narcissa, close the piece. This burletta is well got up, and the parts well cast: Huntley as Roderick, Fitzwilliam as Strap, Mrs. Orger as Patty Williams, and Mrs. Brookes as Idalia, were excellent. The little which Mr. Gattie had to do in Lieut. Bowling, was well compensated by his performance of Balthasar. COUNT FATHOM, a pantomime romance, is the best of a species of entertainment to which we are by no means partial. The new melodrama of LOLONIS or the BUCCANERS of 1660, abounds with striking incidents, but they appear to us not so judiciously managed as they might have been; they succeed each other with too much rapidity, and the piece is altogether too short, notwithstanding it possesses considerable merit. The part of Lolonois was enacted by Mr. Smith, who portrayed the brave and generous Buccaneer with much feeling; speaking of this gentleman, it is an act of justice to mention the excellence of his Justice Gable, in Sir Launcelot Greaves, which kept the audience in a continued roar of laughter, nor could the performers themselves avoid participating in it.

Fugitive Poetry.

IMPROMPTU

Upon perceiving the Name of each Lady in the party began with B.

How strange it is, Dame Fortune should decree,
That all our fav'rites should begin with B,
How shall we solve this paradox of ours?
The Bee flies always to the sweetest flowers.

THE ARTIST'S CHAMBER.

A SKETCH ON THE SPOT.

THE room was low and lone, but lingered there,

In careless loveliness, the marks of mind;
The page of chivalry, superb and drear,
Beside a half-filled vase of wine reclined,
Told how romance and gaiety combined.
And there, like things of immortality,
Stood statues, in their master's soul enshrined;
Venus, with sweet smile and heavenly eye,
And the sad, solemn beauty of pale Niobe.

And scattered round, by wall and sofa, lay
Emblems of thought, that loved from Earth
to spring;

Upon a portrait fell the evening ray,
Touching with splendour many an auburn
ring

That veil'd a brow of snow, and crimsoning
The cheek with beauty like an opening rose.
And there lay a guitar, whose silver string
Is murmuring, as the soft wind o'er it flows,
The tones it breath'd on Spanish hills at
evening's close.

PULCI.

AN ADIEU.

AN Adieu should in utterance die,
If written should faintly appear,
Only heard in the breath of a sigh,
Only seen in the drop of a tear.

J. G.

TO A LADY

Who wished that her Son had a Genius for Poetry.

Oh wish it not!
That fraught with poesy's wild fire,
Thy son beloved should sweep the lyre;
Should form its sounds in Rapture's lay,
To frolic Fancy's measures gay;
Or bid the piteous tale of woe
In tender cadence sadly flow,
Oh wish it not!

For though 'tis true that verse has power
To chase Misfortune's bitter hour,
Can many a bliss supreme impart,
That never warm'd the selfish heart;
Though oft thereby the sensate mind
Is e'en to extacy refin'd,
Yet wish it not!

Though round the heart that feels its sway
The kindest passions gently play,
And prompt to shed the pitying tear,
To Mercy and to Virtue dear—
Or from the bosom draw the sigh
That's breathed for human misery,
Yet wish it not!

Though feeling and affection warm
The breast that owns its magic charm;
Though it can check each sordid thought,
Each wish by fraud and malice taught;
Though it can bid us proudly tower,
Superior to life's little hour;
Yet wish it not!

For, oh! believe me, many a woe
Corrodes the heart that feels its glow;
It bids us view Life's vale of pain
In sombre colours, listless, vain,
And cherish feelings too refin'd
For him who mingles with mankind.
Then wish it not!

Reason forgot, the raptured soul
Follows each passion's wild control;
With proud contempt Wealth's vot'ry views,
And thinks superior far the Muse;
Heedless of int'rest, many an hour
He loses 'midst her myrtle bower;
Then wish it not!

It lays him open to each wile
Of the base friend's insidious guile;
And when beneath Misfortune's power,
He feels that Wealth must claim its hour;
E'en Friendship then he finds a name,
Humanity an idle dream;
They help him not.

His faults condemn'd, his powers forgot,
Despair and poverty his lot,
Subdued, behold his once proud soul
Sink 'neath Despondency's control;
Extinct his fire, his reason flown,
Wild Madness claims him for her own:
Then wish it not.

For what avails the voice of Fame,
The laurell'd bust, the deathless name,
The only meed the Poet gains
For all his labours, all his pains!
Too late 'tis given—too late our sighs,
To mourn the woes he felt arise;
He hears them not!

KNOWLEDGE AND SCIENCE.

Sea Serpent and Whale.—Judge Cooper, of Pennsylvania, an English gentleman, who left this country with Dr. Priestly, has written a letter to the editor of a Philadelphia newspaper—a letter to support the veracity of a Mr. Schmid, of Switzerland, who, together with Captain West, witnessed the attack of the sea serpent on the whale, (narrated in our last,) and who has written a second account of that occurrence.

Schap-zeigar Cheese.—Judge Cooper, in the desultory letter above referred to, takes occasion to state, that the United States is indebted to Mr. Schmid for the real method of making and giving flavour to Schap-zeigar cheese, or Sap-sago, as it is vulgarly called. It is the seeds of *melilotus ceruleus*, a trefoil with a blue flower, which, ground very fine, and sifted, are employed to flavour the cheese in question. Mr. Schmid has imported some of these seeds, and *melilotus ceruleus* is now grown in various parts of Philadelphia.

Meteorology.—The excessive heat recently experienced has given rise, says a French paper, to several meteorological observations of some interest. It is remarkable that the heat has been nearly equal throughout Europe under all latitudes. The thermometers at Rome, at Berlin, at Madrid, at Vienna, at Marseilles, and at London, being very nearly at the same height.

Seminole Indians.—The Seminole Indians—whose name, in consequence of their sufferings from the outrages of the United States and its people, and still more from the suspicious fate of Mr. Arbuthnot, a British subject resident among them, and put to death by the military of the United States—The Seminole Indians

are Indians of Florida, who inhabit the flat country between the river Apalachicola and Flint-river, and have a town in the Bay of Calos, on the west coast of East Florida, where they trade with the Spaniards, who bring them fish from Cuba. They are of the same nation with the Creek Indians, so called, in the adjacent territory of Georgia.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

July 31, to August 6.

ANTIQUITIES.

The History of the Royal Residences. No. 14. Elephant 4to. 1l. 1s. large paper, 1l. 11s. 6d.

ASTRONOMY.

A Grammar of the Elements of Astronomy. By Thomas Squire. With Engravings, royal 18mo. 9s. 6d. bound.

EDUCATION.

A Sequel to the French Exercises of Chambaud, Hamel, Perrin, Wanostrocht, and other Grammars. By G. H. Poppleton. 18mo. 3s. bound.

A Key to Poppleton's French Exercises. 18mo. 2s. 6d. bound.

FINE ARTS.

The British Gallery of Pictures, First Series, being Engravings of the Collection of Pictures of the Most Noble the Marquis of Stafford in London; with Remarks on each Picture. By W. Y. Ottley, Esq. F. S. A. No. 63, folio, coloured, 2l. 12s. 6d.

The British Gallery of Pictures, Second Series, or Engravings from the finest Paintings of the old Masters; accompanied with Descriptions. By Henry Tresham, Esq. R. A. No. 60. Folio, coloured, 6l. 6s.

Italian Scenery, No. 3. Imperial 8vo. 10s. 6d. Medium 4to. 16s.

Pompeiana: The Topography, Edifices, and Ornaments of Pompeii; by Sir William Gell, F. R. S. &c. and John P. Gandy, architect. No. 9. Royal 8vo. 8s. 4to. 12s.

HORTICULTURE.

Transactions of the Horticultural Society of London. Vol. 3. Part 1. 4to. 1l. 10s.

LAW.

Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Court of Exchequer and Exchequer Chamber, Easter Term, and Sittings after, 57 George III. 1817. By George Price, Esq. of the Middle Temple. Vol. 4. Part 1. 6s.

Reports of Cases in the High Court of Chancery, during the time of Lord Eldon. By F. Veley, Esq. Vol. 19. Part 1. Royal 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Reports of Cases upon Appeals and Writs of Error in the House of Lords, during the Session 33 George III. 1818. By P. Dow, Esq. Vol. 6. Part 1. 7s.

An Essay, in a Course of Lectures, on Abstracts of Title. Part 4. By R. Preston, Esq. 12s.

MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

A Memoir on the Congenital Club Feet of Children, and on the Mode of correcting that deformity. By Antonio Scarpa. Translated from the Italian by J. H. Wishart. 4to. 10s. 6d.

Observations, with Cases illustrative of the Sedative and Febrifuge powers of Emetic Tartar. By William Balfour, M. D. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

The Art of preserving the Feet; or Practical Illustrations for the Prevention and Cure of Corns, &c. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

MISCELLANIES.

The New Annual Register for the Year 1817. 8vo. 1l. 10s.

The British Review, No. 23. 8vo. 6s.

The New Cyclopædia. By Dr. Rees. Part 76. 4to. 1l.

The Encyclopædia Metropolitana. Part 1. 4to. 1l. 1s.

Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London, for the Year 1818. Part 1. 4to. 1l. 10s.

Observations on the Emigration to British America and the United States. By Robert Holditch, Esq. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Encyclopædia Edinensis. By James Millar, M. D. Vol. 2. Part 3. 4to. 8s.

The Rhapsodist; or Mes Souvenirs. In an Epistle to Aristus. By R. E. Comerford, Esq. 8vo. 10s.

Criminal Trials: illustrative of the Tale entitled Mid-Lothian. 18mo. 8s.

Cautions to Continental Travellers. By J. W. Cunningham, A. M. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

The Island; or a Series of Letters, commencing in the Year 1805. By an Orphan. 12mo. 5s.

NOVELS.

Tales of My Landlord; second Series; collected and arranged by Jedediah Cleishbotham. 4 vols. 12mo. 1l. 12s.

An Angel's Form and a Devil's Heart: a Novel. By Selina Davenport. 4 vols. 12mo. 1l. 2s.

POEMS.

Cheltea; a descriptive Poem. By Thomas Tovey. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

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An Essay on the Fall of Man, and the Necessity of a Mediator. By G. Moase. 12mo. 4s.

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LITERARY SCRAPS.

No. V.

Bibliotheca Curiosa Literaire.—Whole Book of Psalms with Hymns, by Ravenscroft. With music. 8vo. 102l.

"In this book, are some tunes by Milton, the poet's father*." See p. 242, 262.

Kenrick's Poetical Epistles, Philosophical and Moral. 8vo. 1759.

"The plates were executed by Dr. Kenrick himself."

Memoirs of Francis Fonton. 12mo. 1790.

"Fonton was hanged for forgery, and the portrait to this book is an old print of Dr. Franklin, converted to the above mentioned culprit."

Phillips Philemon. 4to. 1761.

"This little tract was written by Phillip, author of the Life of Cardinal Pole. It is supposed to be a sketch of his own life. Few printed, and difficult to get, as the author suppressed it. Extracted from a copy which formerly belonged to the learned W. Cole."

Maroccus Extaticus; or, Bankes' Bay Horse in a Trance. A discourse set down in a merry dialogue, between

* See further in Philips's Life of Milton.—EDIT.

Banks and his beast; anatomizing some abuses and bad tricks of this age. Written and intitled to mine Host of the Belsauage, and all his honest Guests. By John Dando, the wier drawer of Hadley, and Harrie Runt, head ostler of Bosomes Inne. Lon. by Cuthbert Busby, 1595. [Rare in the extreme.]

"A passage in Love's Labours Lost, Act 1. Scene 2. alludes to the horse belonging to Banks, which played many remarkable pranks, and is frequently mentioned by many writers contemporary with Shakespeare."

See an account of the above curious tract in Shakespeare, edit. 21 vols. 1813. p. 27. vol. 7.—by which it appears that Banks and his horse were burnt at Rome, as two magicians, by order of the Pope.

Maxims of Gallantry, or History of the Count de Verney. By G—e B—r. 8vo. edit. 1793. A copy of this book (whose purchaser was Mr. E. Little-dale) contained the following M.S. note.

"Geo. Brewer.

"This work not being of so strict a moral tendency as it should be, was very roughly handled by the reviewers, who, in speaking of it, said that it was 'Chesterfield Infernalized;' upon which the author, repenting of his production, called it in, and destroyed the whole edition, six copies alone excepted, one of which with difficulty I procured*."

The greater part of this work is elegantly written, but to speak of it collectively, we must admit of the affixed M.S. note to be just. The author of Maxims of Gallantry has written some dramatic pieces and essays after the manner of Goldsmith. See Europ. Mag.

Marlborough (Duchess of) Account of. Lond. 1742.—The late Mr. William Gardiner, bookseller, of Pall Mall, was a constant purchaser of this book, and bought the copies, it is said, for the Marlborough family, he being in this way commissioned; the work consequently became more scarce.

Opinions of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, published from original MSS. by Sir D. Dalrymple.—In a copy of this book, was the following note:—"This book is mentioned to be very scarce, and like most of Sir D. Dalrymple's books, seems not to have been fully published." T. W. K.

* Another copy of this book, from the sale of Col. Stuart's library, 1814, is now in the library of Sir George Douglas, Edinb.

Original Poetry.

CONSOLATION.

As I glance o'er the havoc of years now gone by,
Ah how few are the scenes that appear,
Where the transport of joy is not closed with
a sigh,

Where a smile is not quench'd in a tear!

Yet, delighted, how oft' have I dwelt on the
past,

Thus with sorrow and bitterness teeming,
While I wish'd that for ever each moment
might last,

As my soul was thus pensively dreaming!

And who shuns the soft and the mellowing ray
That kind memory sheds o'er our anguish?
Who loves not to trace of the woes of a day
The meek phantoms that still near us
languish?

As for me, while I muse o'er the long-vanish'd
hour,

When affliction had shot her keen dart,
Though I see her dim shade o'er the mimic
scene lower,

I repel all her pangs from my heart.

Thus in mem'ry's mild visions I live o'er again
The lone day, when, bereft of a sire,
I in agony wept,—but now welcome the pain,*
Since no longer its tortures inspire;

For 'tis pleasing to feel, that the soul we de-
plore,

Hath now gain'd its bright mansion above;
'Twere but selfishness then to repine any more,
'Twere no longer a mark of our love.

Thus from kinsmen, and friends, and from
child have I parted;

Still a sigh let me heave for the last;
For ah! when it went, I was left broken-
hearted,

But contentment hath smil'd o'er the past.

Contentment hath come with her peace-beam-
ing eye,

And hath spoken of Hope so benignly,
That in fancy I view all Heaven's cherubs on
high.

And my child shine amongst them divinely.

And thus, through the vista of years yet to be,
While this heart lives for sorrow or gladness,
In the rapture of Hope I exultingly see
Her fair reign triumph still over sadness.

Though friends should forget me, though
kinsfolk should fail,†

And though Death every fond tie should
sever,

Still the pole-star of Hope will I fearlessly hail,
While I cry, "Thou forsakest me never:"

"And ah! while each grief of the past
melts away,

"As thy beam darts through Memory's
tears,

"May thy splendour illumine that last awful
day

"When this short dream of life disappears."

* "Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

VIRGIL. *Æn.* 1: l. 203.

† "My kinsfolk have failed, and my fa-
miliar friends have forgotten me."—JOB,
Ch. 19; v. 14.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—If the following solutions of the Charades which appeared in No. 18 of your work, be correct enough, by inserting them, you will much oblige your Correspondent,
S. G. C.—d.

No. I.

In music it is very common to make,
The end of a song turn off with a *shake*;
And a *spear* will bring with it, wherever it goes,
A train of oppression, and unnumbered woes:
Put these together, and there will appear
The name that we cherish—immortal SHAKE-
SPEAR.

No. II.

The man that is famed for acuteness, or
cunning,
Or, he that is ever eternally punning,
And the first living actor that ever was seen,
Will always be called, and distinguished as
KEAN.

No. III.

The thing that is so smooth and clear
A GLASS must certainly appear,
Take off a letter, and 'tis LASS,
Another, and you'll see an ASS.

No. IV.

The source of discord, hate, and rage,
Must surely be, I think,
The liquid which without, this page
Would ne'er been wrote in INK.
Tho' Death appear in every shape
Ne'er will an English band,
From shot and shell try to escape,
For still their cry is "stand."
And what is every day in use,
In all parts of the land,
To pity—praise—or to traduce,
You'll own is an INKSTAND.

ANACREONTIC.

COME with me, and gather roses,
We'll pick and cull, till ev'ning closes,
Then—forming wreaths—we'll next entwine
The goblet fill'd with sparkling wine.

Away, dull care! come mirth and glee,
And merriment, with jollity;
Let the sparkling bowl be cherish'd,
Till the roses all have perish'd.

Time and wine must have no measure;
Care for these will damp the pleasure;
But, unbounded be our mirth,
Nor cease till Sol illumines the earth!

Portsmouth, August 7.

NISBY.

TO ELIZA.

I found a rose, my footpath nigh,
Far from its native virgin bower,
It wither'd 'neath the vulgar eye,
And every scornful passer-by
Flung dust upon the sullied flower.

"Lost loveliness! the sweets are fled,
To thee pre-eminently given;
I'll bear thee back to love's home-bed,
Where thou again may'st purely shed
Such incense as smells sweet in heaven.

"Thou should'st have bloomed, frail child of
June!

In some lone shade by fondness wove,
Where one blest eye, and only one,
Might gaze thy sentient blush upon,
And guard thee in the shrine of love."

I said, and seized its half-spoiled spray,
And to such bower of safety bore,
Till dews of heaven, and vernal ray,
Watered and warmed its stains away,
And sweet and pure it smiled once more.

Eliza! figured in that flower,
Thy faults, and my affection, see—
Oh live to virtue from this hour,
Repentance—gratitude—thy dower—
Those faults forgot by heaven and me!

April 28.

B. S.

THE DANGER OF POOR-SOULING; A TRUE STORY.

BRIM full of rude health, Thomas went from
the town,
Without pain or care in his head;
His face and his hands with hard labour were
brown,
And as firm as a giant's his tread,
Good soul!

He jogg'd on his road in a regular pace,
And merrily drove on his team;
And should you but look at his figure or face,
Of sickness you never would dream,
Good soul?

Then woe to the villains who dared to con-
trive
To persuade the poor soul he was ill!
And told him he had not a day more to live—
For Fancy will cure and will kill
A poor soul.

What ail you, my friend? says one mis-
chievous chap,
How pale, very pale, is your cheek!
Are you sick? have you met, friend, with any
mishap?
Poor soul, you must feel very weak!
Poor soul!

Thomas star'd with surprise, and then laugh'd
at the joke,
And quietly whistled along;
Trod firm, smack'd his whip, that he who thus
spoke
Might see he was healthy and strong,
Good soul!

But, shortly, another, with countenance sad,
Cried, Heavens! what ail you to-day?
Poor Tom, you've an ague, or something as
bad,
You cannot proceed on your way,
Poor soul!

Thomas, thinking a friend would not go to
deceive,
Began now to harbour some doubt;
Felt his limbs, rubb'd his face, and is led to
believe
He is not quite healthy and stout,
Poor soul!

Now a horseman rides up, and stops short with
surprise,
—Why, the man looks as ghastly as Death;
How livid his lips! and how sunk are his eyes!
Poor soul, he can hardly fetch breath!
Poor soul!

Thomas thinks that he must have some dread-
ful complaint,
And his spirits begin soon to fail;
He is frighten'd, and trembles, and grows very
faint,
And he groans, and looks wofully pale,
Poor soul!

And now he so feeble with terror is grown,
That he sinks down, unable to stand;
And thus he is carried all back to the town,
And thinks that his death is at hand,
Poor soul!

And true was the thought, for fainter he grew,
As the speech of the horseman occur'd;
His breath, in sad truth, now with labour he
drew,
And he died without speaking a word,
Poor soul!

Then woe to those wretches who pity affect,
And the knell of compassion thus toll!
Who contrive a poor patient to tease and
deject,
And destroy by exclaiming—Poor soul!
Poor soul!

Z

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CRYSTALLOPHILUS, who tells us that the
"Chemical Queries of S. P. (inserted in our
19th Number,) refer to facts which have
long been well known to the chemical world,"
would have done better in giving our corres-
pondent the answers requested.

G. G.'s short communication has been long
delayed; but we are very willing to hear from
him further.

We are always pleased to hear from ORDOVEX.
His two letters in our next.

The story of the pursuit of a Whale by a Sea
Serpent, inserted in our last number, was
eagerly copied into the Sunday and other
newspapers, some following our *error of the
press*, that the "Whale was a hump-bac,"
instead of *hump back*; others relating that
"the whale was hump-backed." As is
usual with popular names, the term "hump-
back" leaves us some doubt as to the species
of whale intended by Captain West. It is
probably the Bunched Mysticete, (*Balæna
Gibbosa*), or whale with a single tubercle or
excrescence on the back, which is known to
frequent the Coasts of New England; and
not Physeter, Cachalot, or *Spermaceti*
Whale, of which one variety has tubercles on
the back, and is thence called *Physeter Gib-
bosus*. The Bunched Mysticete is a small
species of the Common or Great Whale, and,
having no dorsal fin, stands contradistin-
guished from the Fir-backed Mysticete,
Finner, or Fin fish.

We have to beg the favour of T. W. K. that he
will furnish us with a fresh copy of "Lite-
rary Scraps," numbered 5, &c. The original
is mislaid, and we have long waited in vain
for its recovery.

A Correspondent is informed that our Nos. 1,
3, 4, 6, 7, and 9, may now be had at our Pub-
lisher's, and of all Booksellers and News-
venders.

In our seventeenth Number, p. 259, col. 3, at
the bottom, for "watch," read "water;"
p. 268, col. 3, for "ice-bags," read "rice-
bergs;" p. 269, col. 3, "Schmækten," read
"Schmiikten;" and for "Weitaung," read
"Wheihung."

Lector shall be gratified next week.

RICHARD shall have a place. We thank him
for his suggestion. Can he promote the
object to which he refers, at the place he
mentions?

C. D. is thanked for his information. His
letter has been forwarded to the writer con-
cerned. The Magazine he mentions has
certainly treated him with unprovoked illi-
berality.

A letter was forwarded last week, to C. W. at
"Michel's Library, Judd Street, Brunswick
Square." If that address is wrong, it is
probable that a second letter, which has been
since forwarded, will also fail to reach the
hands of our Correspondent.

X. Y. Z. will send to our Office.

W. L. on Captain Symmes's and Mr. Steinh-
hauser's Theory of the Howness of the
Earth, in our next.

"Prospectus of the Political Diary of the
late lamented Mr. Thomas Wiggins," in our
next.

To several other Correspondents, our answers
must be deferred.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

COLONIAL JOURNAL.

THE Editor of the Colonial Journal has
the pleasure to assure the Readers of that Work, that he has
surmounted the obstacles which have for some time prevented
its regular quarterly Publication, and that, in a very few
Months, he will have wholly recovered the lost time. It is his
intention to publish, on the 1st of September next, the Fourth
Number, which has been so long deficient; and, at the same
time, No. IX. containing Views of the present posture of Af-
fairs in Ceylon, the Arctic Expeditions, West India and North
American Affairs, &c. &c. On the first of November will
appear Nos. VII. and X., and on the first of January, 1819,
Nos. VIII. and XI.; on the first of February, No. XII.; and
on the first of April, No. XIII., from which period the Colo-
nial Journal will be published regularly on the 1st of January,
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ernoster Row; J. M. Richardson, Cornhill; and J. Booth, Duke
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